

United States v. Hadden,
S2 20 Cr. 468 (RMB)

EXHIBIT P

(Defendant's Poems and Emails (2014 to 2015))

EXHIBITS TO THE GOVERNMENT'S SENTENCING SUBMISSION

[REDACTED COPY]

Filed: June 20, 2023

To: jackie [REDACTED] **Case 1:20-cr-00468-RMB Document 296-17 Filed 06/20/23 Page 2 of 5**
From: Robert Hadden[rjh@columbia.edu]
Sent: Tue 11/25/2014 11:38:33 PM (UTC)
Subject: Re: Thanksgiving wishes

Dear Jackie,

Thank you so much for keeping me in your thoughts. Despite all my troubles I too have much to be thankful for. My wonderful family and friends, and grateful patients like you whom have been so supportive. I know I have said it before but I can't stress enough how much your support & concern mean to me. You have truly touched my heart. In my darkest hours I just remember how many good people I have in my life & how truly blessed I am. I will not let the greed & betrayal of a few destroy me. Again thank you so much for your continued support & concern. I look forward to the day when I can thank you in person. Have a wonderful thanksgiving & a joyous holiday season.

Fondly,

Dr. H

P.S. I would like to share with you a poem I wrote recently about why I went into Obstetrics & the joy it brought me. I will forward it to you in a separate email.

Sent from my iPhone

> On Nov 25, 2014, at 4:29 PM, jackie [REDACTED] wrote:

>

> Hi Dr Hadden

> Every year at this time I like most take a moment to think about what I am thankful for. First thing that always comes to mind are my daughters which of course leads me to think of you and how you are doing.

> How are you doing? I hope you are doing well and wishing you all good things in the year to come.

> All the best

> Jackie

>

> Sent from my iPhone

To: Anne
From: Robert Hadden [rah1@columbia.edu]
Sent: Sat 1/10/2015 10:47:30 PM (UTC)
Subject: Fwd: Happy Birthday Jersey!

Sent from my iPhone

Begin forwarded message:

From: [REDACTED]@aol.com
Date: January 10, 2015 at 5 30 53 PM EST
To: "rah1@columbia.edu" <rah1@columbia.edu>
Subject: Fwd: Happy Birthday Jersey!

Sent from my iPhone

Begin forwarded message:

From: [REDACTED]@aol.com
Date: January 9, 2015 at 7:58:48 PM EST
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Happy Birthday Jersey!

Dear Anne,

I hope this email finds you well. Every year on Janie's birthday I think of you and your family including of course the "Birthday Girl", Jersey. I can't believe it's been 10 years. Even harder to believe it's been over 20 years since you changed our lives forever and for better when your recommended the breed, and Dick to us. Dear Brodie, I think of her so often and with great love. I've been reflecting a great deal about life lately. It's meaning, and what has truly impacted mine. Not to sound too corny or cliche I have realized it's all about the relationships and friendships I have been fortunate to have; and Brodie was the sweetest of companions. As Janie is now.

As you are aware our lives have been in turmoil for quite some time now. God's plan is hard to see sometimes but as they say God never gives you more than you can handle. I just wish he didn't trust me so much. I have been in therapy since the beginning and I am still struggling to understand. One of the treatments my therapist recommended was for me to keep a journal. I have the attention span of a gnat these days and knew I would be incapable of that. However I have always enjoyed poetry and found I could still read a poem or two without being distracted. I also found that I could write a poem about my thoughts and wrote my first this past July. I didn't pick up a pen again until October but I have found it to be a healing tool and have continued to write since then on a regular basis. Unfortunately I have a Poet's soul but not his pen.

The reason I bring this up is that I would like to share with you a poem I wrote about Janie. If Jersey is anything like her sister I think the poem will speak to you as well. I have also attached two others the poems I've written. One is about my life's calling; the other is about my situation. It was the first poem I wrote back in July. I hope that they speak to you as well. Please feel free to share them with Harlan and your family but I request that you do not share them publicly. For now they are my private thoughts and I have only shared them with family and a few close friends.

Again, I hope you are well and please give my best to Harlan, Charlotte, Will, Ben, Eve, and of course the birthday girl: Jersey! I wish you all a happy and healthy new year.

Love,

Bob

She finds no fault in me
If I sleep in or nap all day
If I feed her late or make her wait for walkies
Or am skimpy with her treats
Clean her ears or brush out her mats
Forget to lavish her with attention
Come home tardy
Admonish her when she is naughty
She holds no grudge
No cold shoulder

Exhibit P at 2

Her tail is always wagging
Her gentle paw reaches out to me
Her snout rests softly in my lap
Or roots my hand to keep petting her when
she is in her glory
Her heart is as big as any of God's creatures
And yet there is no room in it for anger
or resentment
She rests besides me quietly when I am sad
and lonely
She rises swift and eagerly when I get up
Perhaps to take her on a journey
She turns over on her back, so vulnerable
and trusting
For me to rub her belly
And when I speak it's like from on the Mount
She listens so intently
She looks up to me with her soulful eyes
She gives of herself so completely
Wanting nothing more than a token of love
or sign of my approval
A look, a nod, a pat on her head or across
her back
A calming word; grateful for my kindness and
the least attention
She looks at me and I want to be the man she
sees before her
She finds no fault in me

Through God's Eyes

O Lord how can I deny your existence
I have seen the miracle of birth through Your eyes
Delivered a child with Your hands
Felt the joy and unconditional love of a newborn's parents with Your heart
I have witnessed the only thing greater than Yourself and felt Your humility
I have stood beside God and felt His glory

God's Plan

No dear friends, do not pity me
God's plan is always hard to see
The Devil's though is clear as rain:
Question faith and suffer pain

Betrayal shakes you to your very core
Easiest to label her insane or whore
But others join: suggestion plants the seed
Greed bleeds deep and leaves its ugly stain
Convince yourself it's true and there'd be much to gain

The Devil's advocates whisper seductively in their ears:
You're not the first to make the claim
He surely deserves the blame
Despite every shadow filled with doubt
Truth be damned, you must cry out!

No thought of the accused, his family, or his name
Anxiety, depression, embarrassment, and shame
A quarter of a century of good fortune
Doing the Lord's work:
Sharing in a parent's greatest joy
And their deepest sorrow - far less often

God's plan is always hard to see
It's not the first time He's trusted me
At first, parents mourn a child's life not meant to be
Now wonderment and joy for the man who fills our lives
with love and glee

Soon enough, truth be told
As facts unfold

Wrongs will be righted
As family, friends, and grateful patients remain united
Until then I thank God for all my blessings, true
Forget my burdens
And the greed and betrayal of a few